

Gleave, Thomas Boswell
Here's to happiness

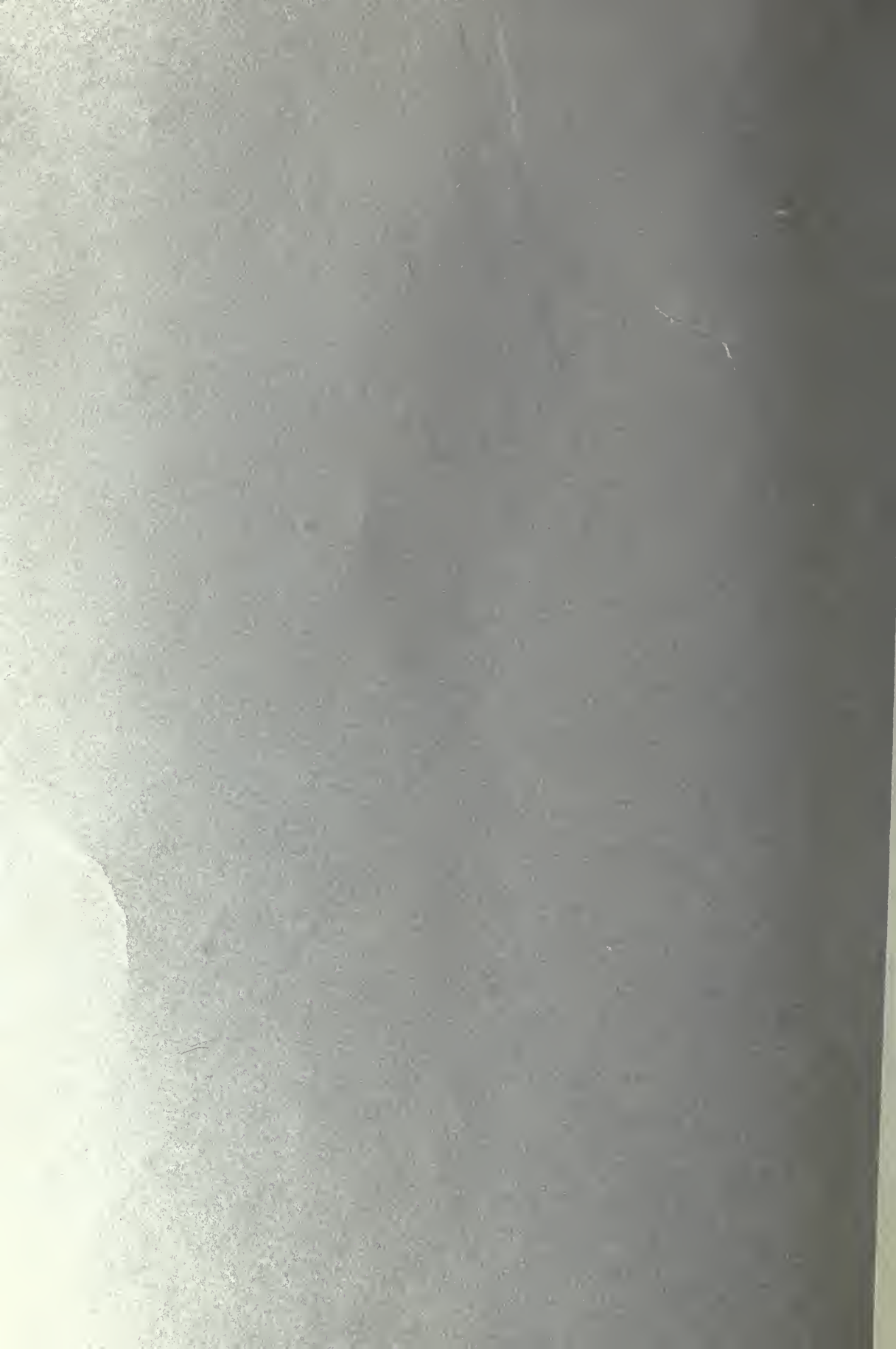
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*Here's
to Happiness!*

By

B. GLEAVE



Here's to Happiness!

By

T. B. GLEAVE

Author of
"Vistas, Grave and Gay"

*I would not change a poet's pen
For all the might of mice or men
Or dim the visions granted me
For all the earth, the sky, the sea.*

*Just let me take you by the hand
And lead you to that wondrous land,
So every one of you may see
The lovely things God shows to me.*

Printed in Canada

W. T. KIRKBY COMPANY, LIMITED
Printers

219 Sorauren Ave.

Toronto 3, Ontario



1104770

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L43H4

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As some of these poems appeared in their pages, acknowledgment is made to the publishers of the following:

Canadian Home Journal
Farmer's Magazine
Rod and Gun in Canada
The Evening Telegram, Toronto
The Globe and Mail
The Hamilton Spectator
The Canadian Baptist
The Canadian Churchman
The Church Messenger
The Cobourg Sentinel-Star
The Link and Visitor
The United Church Observer
The War Cry
Toronto Weekly News
Weston Times and Guide
West Toronto Weekly
Wilson Publications

Special acknowledgment goes to

MISS KATHLEEN BUCK, MISS CLARA NERDEN, and also to PROF. JOHN D. ROBINS, M.A., PH.D., Head of the English Department, Victoria College, University of Toronto, whose inspiration and co-operation have so greatly contributed to the making of this book.

FOREWORD

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people."

In "Here's to Happiness!" the author sets out to do again what he did so successfully in his first volume, *Vistas, Grave and Gay*, to share with his readers the youthful zest for life that he has preserved and the profoundly mature happiness that he has achieved. The delight in little things, the thrill of beauty in nature, the ecstasy of love and dreams of love, the exaltation of patriotic emotion, the tonic self-forgetfulness of laughter, the quiet, pensive pleasure of memory, the strong uplifting of the soul in good resolve, the peaceful joy of religious devotion — all these are to be found, poured forth out of the fullness of a singing heart.

The author is not encumbered by any care for academic critical acclaim. He writes because the world of common men and women needs cheer and encouragement, and he writes in verse because his thoughts come to him clothed in verse. The reception given to *Vistas, Grave and Gay* shows how eager people are for just such homely, happy messages as Mr. Gleave has for them.

J. D. ROBINS.

AN INDEX OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND
ON PAGE FORTY-EIGHT

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By
The Author

JUST THINK AWHILE

Come, lay aside your cares awhile
And see how fair the world can be.
The dew is soft, the grass is green,
The sunlight sparkles on the sea.

What though the storm winds rage around,
And winter days are dark and drear;
They do not last, they pass away,
And happier days so soon appear.

Turn then your face towards the sun,
Although dark clouds may lie between.
The sun and stars are still above,
Mayhap today they are not seen.

And when confusion fills your soul,
Beyond the mists the sky is blue
And, through the stress and strain of life,
A hand's outstretched and friends are true.

So, take your burden up again
And carry on! Forget life's din;
Keep to the right; go straight ahead —
You cannot fail; *you just must win!*

THEIR GLORY GLOWING

When twilight falls
And evening shadows lengthen,
Then do I love
To watch the changing scene;
See, one by one,
The sleepy stars awaken —
Stars, ever there.
Yet till the night, unseen.

On rides the earth —
Her star-decked mantle covering.
(Great guiding lights
Ordained from dawn of time).
So, mighty deeds
Of helpfulness and goodness,
Shine forth from souls
Aflame with love sublime.

All through the years
Of human life's unfolding,
When trials cast
Their darkness cross our way,
Then do such friends,
Like stars — their glory glowing —
Show their true worth,
Though unseen through the day.

When twilight falls
And *life's* long shadows lengthen
And all seems dark
And full of awesome fear —
True friendship then,
Its faith and love revealing,
Lights up our way
And proves that God is near.

I SEE YOU EVERYWHERE

I see you in the blush of dawn,
In skylarks singing in the blue,
In perfume of a dark red rose,
In pure white lilies, kissed by dew.

I see you in the stately trees,
In fleecy clouds at sunset time,
In mists caressing mountain peaks —
They bring to me your love sublime.

I see you in each wayward stream
That flows, unhurried, to the sea.
I see you in each noble thought
And you become a part of me.

MY MOTHER'S CHAIR

It's just a plain armchair I know,
So faded, worn and old,
Yet I would never part with it
For all the world's vast gold.

It was my dear old Mother's chair,
In which she used to sit,
To do some sewing ev'ry day,
To crochet, tat or knit.

I loved to see her darning socks,
Her "spec's" upon her nose,
Then watch them tumble to her lap,
As she would softly doze.

I know it's shabby — yet that chair
Is precious now to me,
For that is where I learned to pray
Each night at Mother's knee.

Then she would read from God's Good Book
And tell of holy men.
I'm sure I never will forget
What Mother taught me then.

So now I go to that old chair
When puzzled, hurt or tired,
Just as I did when yet a child,
To me it is inspired.

NOT ME!

Whoever coined the crazy phrase
"The early bird will catch
Some unsuspecting early worm"
Lacked brains beneath his thatch.

Who wants to leave a cosy bed
To catch an early worm?
It's utter nonsense, so I think —
As deep in bed I squirm.

The more I muse, the worse it gets.
It is a dreadful thing!
I'd send the guy who wrote such stuff
To Kingston or Sing-Sing.

Then I would pull the covers close
And sink to slumber deep,
While some poor chump — who thinks he's smart —
Can catch worms — *while I sleep.*

MAKE-BELIEVE

I love to dream and make-believe you love me,
To picture gardens round a cottage fair,
To see you come along the path to greet me,
Or watch you sitting sewing in your chair.

I love to make-believe I catch you making
Some special little dish as a surprise,
Then make-believe I throw my arms around you
And kiss you, while I cover up your eyes.

I love to make-believe we sit each evening,
When we have tucked our little tots in bed,
And live again our memories enchanting,
While I tousle the curls upon your head.

I tell myself this is no make-believing,
That you exist — somewhere you *really are*;
So I will search until one day I find you;
No year too long — no distance is too far.

That's why I dream and make-believe you love me
And think perhaps that you do really care,
That some day I will find, when I awaken,
That make-believe is gone — and you *are there*.

WHERE VIOLETS BLOOM

There is a lane where violets bloom
And fill the air with fragrance sweet,
Where wild flowers in profusion grow
And peace and beauty ever meet.

On either hand stand stately trees
Where nesting song birds make their home
And all the little woodland folk
Are free to live and love and roam.

It's down such lanes, where violets bloom,
That lovers wander hand in hand
And, in the magic of the stars,
Pledge there their troth at love's command.

BOZO BONES

Once a fellow, Bozo Bones,
Played the fife in wildest tones.
Every time that he would play,
All the neighbours fled away.

Bozo played with gusto grand,
Sounded like a one-man band.
Squeaks went high and squawks went low,
Trills, crescendos — *doh* to *doh*!

One day Bozo blew so strong
That the breeze swept *him* along.
He went high and *he* went low;
Where he went to —

I

don't
know!

SO THAT'S IT

It's strange what things the poets write
To cheer you when you're blue,
Of lakes, and palms, and lovers' arms,
Which somehow don't come true.

They tell you everything is right,
When everything is wrong,
They conjure up a lot of words
To make a merry song.

They write about the rugged oaks
Braced well the storm to meet,
The poison ivy do not name
That's growing round their feet.

They say there is no need to fume,
That troubles wings will take,
When you are all bunged up with cold
Or have a stomach ache.

They speak of babes in mothers' arms,
Held snugly to their breast,
But do not mention chicken pox,
The measles, and the rest.

They write of love and life and hope,
Build castles in the air,
When they themselves know very well,
They really are not there.

SING ME A SONG OF THE SEA

Sing me a rousing song of the sea,
When waves run high and winds blow free
Or the gale is fierce; it's nought to me.
Sing me a song of the sea!

Sing me a song of a pirate bold,
Of Spanish galleons, buried gold,
Of deeds that will make the blood run cold.
Sing me a song of the sea!

Sing me a song of a coral strand,
Where mermaids bask on golden sand,
And love and hate travel hand in hand.
Sing me a song of the sea!

Sing me a song of the far lands sought,
Or homing boats with fish men caught,
Or "old salts" telling of fights they fought.
Sing me a song of the sea!

Sing me a song of a harbour wide,
Where big ships safe at anchor ride,
Or sail away on a flowing tide.
Sing me a song of the sea!

Sing me a song of a lifeboat crew
And valiant deeds such brave men do.
It makes one believe that life is true.
Sing me a song of the sea!

Sing me a song of a peaceful bay,
Where sea-birds call and wheel all day
And sunbeams sparkle on dancing spray.
Sing me a song of the sea!

TOMORROW?

The day called "tomorrow" lies always ahead
Of the day that we folks call today —
I wish I could see
For it's not clear to me
Why we find that tomorrow's today.

"Tomorrow I'll get up at eight o'clock sharp";
Is a thing that we often do say.
Yet, when we awaken
We find we're mistaken,
For tomorrow is still but today.

"Tomorrow I'll meet you", you say to a friend
Then right merrily go on your way.
But we find when we meet
Our confusion complete
For tomorrow is really today.

There's a joke I declare; though I can't tell where,
As with long words and figures I play.
So I guess I will quit
Or I may have a fit,
For tomorrow won't come anyway.

FROM THE GARDEN OF LIFE

From the garden of Life you brought me
A garland of beautiful flowers,
Their perfume derived from your fragrance
To brighten my long lonely hours.

Red lilies stand forth for your courage,
The ivy, your love strong and true.
Snowdrops, so white, proclaiming the right,
Draw purity ever from you.

The scent of the violets entrancing
Is the soul that shines through your eyes.
Your blush is the blush of the roses,
While tulips re-echo your sighs.

Each hour, as I reverence these blossoms
You brought from Life's garden, I see
A smile on the face of the pansies
That's only intended for me.

THESE ARE YOURS

True majesty is not in pomp and plenty,
Nor holiness confined to bishop's throne,
Nor dignity exclusively for magnates,
For everyone can have these for his own.

The common daily task of busy housewife,
A business deal that's "cinched" upon "the square",
A lonely soul that's helped along life's highway,
Prove majesty and holiness are there.

One does not have to dress in priceless ermine
Or boast and brag until the air is blue —
Just play the game, as God would have you play it,
And all the world will raise its hat to you.

WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP

When you can't sleep, what do you do?
Just fret and worry, toss and stew?
That is a foolish thing to do!
It only makes blue things more blue.

Why don't you lie and just relax?
Forget about your income tax!
Then jump aboard your memory ship
And, back to childhood, take a trip.
Play once again the games you played;
That causes fret and fume to fade.

The swimming hole, the rippling brook,
The funny story, cowboy book;
The fun you had, while just a boy,
Will prove that life has lots of joy.
Go tramp the fields and woods again,
Get lost once more in drenching rain.

Remember, when the bull chased you,
The fence you had to struggle through.
Or think of dolls that made you glad
And how you loved the neighbour's lad.
Go back to school or Sunday school —
The pranks you played; the Golden Rule.

Repeat the prayers your mother said
Each night when you were tucked in bed.
Then, if you've taken my advice,
You'll find that life is pretty nice.
Perhaps you'll laugh, perhaps you'll weep —
Then, in sheer gladness, go to sleep.

FOR SUCH AS THIS

There is a field of clover red
Whose fragrance fills the restless air,
Where busy bees go laden home
With nectar sweet they garnered there.

Nearby the dainty trilliums grow
And gentians blue to match the sky;
Where ox-eyed daisies and the rose
Enchant the care-free passer-by.

It is for beauty such as this,
Spread forth by nature's lavish hand,
That men went out to give their all:
For this — our own Canadian land.

THE NORTHLAND

Come to the land of the moose and the beaver,
Stealthy grey wolf and cunning brown bear,
Where fiercely run the rushing white waters.
Can other lands to this Northland compare?

Come where trees grow as in forest primeval
And men, unfettered, in freedom may roam;
Fast flow the streams where game fish are leaping,
Swift glide canoes with their gunwales afoam.

Come to this land where aurora supernal
Builds vast cathedrals of fire in the sky;
Come where life is as nature intended;
Sense the divine and find God very nigh.

Come where the black frost holds close the white waters,
And the snow forms a deep mantle of white.
Far from man's squalor, striving and scheming;
Away in the vastness, live, and live right.

BRITAIN

A gracious, rugged, sea-girt Isle,
A beacon of man's noblest thought,
That bore the brunt of dev'lish spite;
Though sorely tried, still steadfast fought.

When left alone, you carried on,
Liberty's torch aloft held high.
Your sacrifice no words describe.
To decadence you gave the lie.

To Britain — rugged, sea-girt Isle,
From whose great loins forth freedom came —
Let all mankind their homage pay
And, deeply rev'rent, breathe your name.

SEA MISTS

There is a bay where green seas roll
And beat at foot of headlands high.
Above the souging wind is heard
The mewing seagull's plaintive cry.
Forbidding is its mist-drenched shore,
And strong the brine of spume and spray.
Come listen to its ceaseless voice
Bemoan the passing of each day;
Then, with the night, the grey mists creep,
Like ghostly phantoms on parade,
To hide the harbour's welcome lights
And make the staunchest heart afraid.
Or yet, again, at starlight time,
The Moon, the queen who rules the tides,
Will seem to frolic through the clouds
As on her age-old course she rides,
Until the Sun proclaims the dawn,
And crowns each wave with golden crown,
The tireless sea casts off her mists,
And decks herself in bridal gown.

So widespread has been the interest in "The Bells of Peace" and so many people have urged me to include this poem in this collection, along with the description of the remarkable circumstances under which it was written, that I feel bound to do so. My original plan was to exclude any reference to the subject of war.

Well over half a million (661,700) copies of "The Bells of Peace" have already been printed.

In the early morning of February 23, 1945, I passed through a most vivid dream, so real that at this writing, over six months later, were I an artist, I could draw a picture of the man I saw, and at times his voice still rings in my ears.

I dreamed I was walking eastward along the top of the cliffs on the south coast of England, towards Dover. I could hear the waters of the Channel gently lapping at the base of the cliffs many feet below. It was twilight—somewhat misty, and, as I walked, a man, about thirty years of age, strode past me. He was dressed in a cheap black-grey business suit. His dark hair, prematurely streaked with grey, was ruffled by the slight breeze. He was walking with a confident spring in his stride. A look of assurance, yet wistful enquiry, was in his eyes and, as he passed me, he said, "Some day the bells of peace will ring" and I said, "That is a good line; where did you get it?" He called back, "Oh, I made it up". I said, "That would make a lovely song or poem." He replied, "Yes, I know. Listen to this." Then, as he travelled on into the mist and until I could see him no longer, I distinctly heard him say the words of the poem and, as I lost sight of him in the darkness, I heard all the church bells in England gently ringing—from hill, from valley, from village church to great cathedral—their chimes mingling in one great paeon of triumphant joy and gladness, and as their music gradually died away, I awoke; sat up in bed and scribbled down the words I had heard, as fast as I could write them. I looked at the clock, it was 2 a.m. In less than fifteen minutes I had the whole poem on paper—truly a gift from the unknown.

Was it a vision granted me of the manhood of the world, somewhat war-dreary, yet triumphant, going out into the mists of the future, to grapple with the great problems of reconstruction that lie ahead—or was it one of those countless spirits whose body lies beneath a "wooden cross" or "in some unknown place or restless sea" that tuned into my responsive soul and gave to me a message for mankind? I do not know.

THE BELLS OF PEACE

Some day the bells of peace will ring,
The wheels of war will cease to hum.
Free men will plough the fertile fields;
The guns that thundered will be dumb.

Once more will happy children play
And sleep, untroubled, safe in bed;
No terror fly by night or day!
No fear of bombers overhead!

Yet, grass will grow on countless graves,
Marked by plain crosses row on row,
On men who gave their very all,
That love and beauty *we* might know.

And, though the bells of peace may ring,
Still, mangled bodies, wracked with pain,
And sightless eyes, will dumbly plead,
"Let not our torment be in vain".

In unknown places, noisome, dark,
In swamps, in sands, in restless sea,
Lie men who sacrificed *life's chance* —
That you and I might still be free.

What kind of world will we then make —
Full of ideals for which they died?
Or, will we grow stiff-necked again,
In hatred, greed and haughty pride?

Will trade and conquest be our God?
Will we still seek the highest seat? —
Then surely war will scourge once more
And make destruction all complete.

Shall we not bravely see that they —
Our flesh and blood — strove not in vain,
And build a world on *right*, not *might*,
When bells of peace ring out again?

THAT BOY OF YOURS

Now mothers all — both short or tall
Or if you're calm or coy —
I wish to write some words to you
About that "imp" — your boy.

I know they fling their crumpled pants
Upon the bedroom floor,
While ties adorn the picture frames
And shirts hang on the door.

Their shoes rest on the window seat,
Their socks lie on the stairs,
While various bits of clothing
Are draped on all the chairs.

Upon the woodwork you will find
The imprint of their hands.
Why every day they act this way —
Well, no one understands!

Full well I know they love to drop
A worm down sister's neck,
While all the awful pets they keep
May make you feel a wreck.

To get their homework done on time
Or have them do a chore,
Requires the patience of a Job —
In fact a great deal more;

But never think they do not care!
Though they seem thoughtless, bold —
If you could see beneath it all,
You'd find there, hearts of gold.

PHANTOMS

When ghostly phantoms from the past
Disturb your peace and cause you care,
Turn then your eyes up to the stars
And you will find no phantoms there.

Watch raindrops falling in a lake
Or listen to a bird in song.
Note well the tints of even-gloom
And phantoms won't stay very long.

Think of the Might that made the stars
And holds each to its course above —
The Power that paints the sunset's glow,
The God who holds you in His love.

Then watch the phantoms quickly fade;
They cannot stay when faith is sure.
They cannot haunt or hurt you now
For in God's care you are secure.

IN THE DARK OF THE MOON

Give me your heart when you give me your lips,
And the moon is dark above,
And the whisp'ring breeze, asleep in the trees,
Says "This is the time to love".

In the evening glow, when the mists are low
And only the fireflies see,
Give me your heart when you give me your lips,
Then give all yourself to me.

Just squeeze my hand and I'll understand,
In the sunset's afterglow,
When I hear the beat of your heart, repeat
The answer my soul would know,
That through every day, though I'm far away,
Mine only you'll always be.
As you squeeze my hand, I will understand
You've given yourself to me.

Then nestle so close in my arms, my sweet,
As the evening shadows fall.
And let your head rest on my throbbing breast,
As you hear my heart's love call.
And the Moon, so wise, will shut tight her eyes,
That even *she* cannot see,
When you nestle close in my arms, my sweet,
For you now belong to me.

Two days after the above poem was written, this curious change flashed into my mind. I saw the poem with the second, third and fourth lines of the first verse reading as follows:

Said the bold Knight to his love
While the whisp'ring breeze sleeps in the trees,
And the moon is dark above.

and with a fourth verse added, the adding of which changes the whole character of the poem — and causes a happy surprise.

* * * *

But the maid replied, as she grew wild-eyed,
"Your face I may like to see,
But keep your charms at the length of my arms,
For you're much too bold for me."
Yet it's strange to tell, this same maiden fell
And into his arms she flew;
And now they spoon in the dark of the moon
Like all other sane folks do.

ODE TO AN ONION

"Alas poor Yorick — I knew him well"

Only an onion; yet what strength
Is in thy substance borne,
What pungency is in thy breath
That lingers till the morn!

'Tis not to roses fair in June
Thy "perfume" I'd compare,
But rather to concoction fierce,
Brewed in some witch's lair.

Thou still maintainest piquancy,
Although thou art thin-skinned,
And those who eat thee, raw or cooked,
Are shunned as though they'd sinned.

Yet though thou drivest friends away,
And cause my tears to flow,
I hail thee, onion, and thy strength,
When solitude I'd know.

INLAND SEAS

For years I've been a-sailing,
Though I've never seen the sea.
The Great Lakes and their shipping —
They are sea enough for me.

I've sailed these lakes in summer,
When the soft Sou'Westers blow
I've sailed them in the winter
When near twenty-two below.

I've sailed on golden pathways,
Which the moonbeams laid before.
I've weathered many blizzards
Mid a wild Nor'Easter's roar.

I've shot St. Lawrence' rapids
And I've grounded at the "Soo".
When Welland's locks were opened,
I made sure, my boat first through.

From Quebec to Fort William
From Chicago to Duluth —
Knew every light and channel
'Fore I'd cut a wisdom tooth.

I've "lain to" off Point Edward,
When the blinding fog was thick;
While Thunder Cape and Pelee
Have taught me many a trick.

Ahoy! you salt-sea sailors!
You, who boast about the sea,
If you would know *real sailing*
Sail these inland seas with me.

COUNTRY BORN

Sing me a song of the countryside —
Of a field of new-mown hay,
As the cows come home at milking time
At close of a summer's day.

Sing me a song of a swimming hole
In a winding clear cool stream.
Sing of the stars in a smoke-free sky,
Then leave me alone to dream.

Sing me a song of a broad highway,
At the end, a place called home,
Of a day's work done at setting Sun,
Or the feel of fresh turned loam.

Sing me a song of the smell of bread
Just fresh from the oven drawn,
Or of grazing herds or nesting birds.
Thank God I was country born!

IF LIVING YOU WOULD KNOW

Come to the woods where trilliums bloom
And winding brooks wend towards the sea;
Where song birds sing in evening gloam
And life is good and sweet and free.

Come where the sky is really blue
And smoke clouds never hide the sun —
Where you can cast your cares aside
And rest awhile when day is done.

Come where the busy beaver toils
And game fish sport in rushing streams,
Where twinkling stars shine wondrous bright;
For in this land you *live* your dreams.

Come where the mighty, fragrant pines
And graceful tamaracs lift their arms,
While poplars, birches closely stand
To guard entrancing nature's charms.

Come where the saucy squirrels play
And violets bloom and fern fronds show.
Come to this lovely "out-door" land,
If life and living you would know.

I CALL TO YOU

I call to you from out the mists
Of gardens where virbirnums bloom,
In peaceful hours of twilights hush
And from the shadows of your room.

I call to you from winding lanes
And moon-kissed waves of oceans wide.
I send my call forth every day
Upon the wings of dawn to ride.

I call to you from star-lit skies
And from Aurora's mighty flame.
Where gentle breezes softly blow,
I breathe the magic of your name.

I call to you where wood nymphs play
And minstrel music fills the air
I'll call — until you hear my call
Throughout the years from everywhere.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN

It's a lovely glimpse of heaven
When my eyes catch sight of you.
It drives the dark clouds all away
And my sky is clearest blue,

And the wild winds cease their sighing
And the birds burst into song;
All the trees break forth in blossom
And the hours seem not so long.

Then my heart once more rejoices
Like a caged bird just set free —
For a glimpse right into heaven
Is the sight of you, to me.

All the daintiness of fairies,
All true beauty ever lies
In the fragrance of your presence
And the magic of your eyes.

So I search each face that passes,
In the hope that I may see
That glorious bit of heaven
That means all the world to me.

LOVE LETTERS

You do not have to write to me
To say what you would say,
For everything conveys your thoughts
Throughout the livelong day.

I read your letters in the breeze,
The sun's life-giving power,
The restless sea, a shooting star,
A gentle wayside flower.

The misty clouds of evening time,
A rainbow's promise true,
The moonlight sparkling on the snow —
Bring love letters from you,

While mignonette and roses rare
And lavender most sweet,
Convey the fragrance of your soul
And make my life complete.

AN IDYL

I know a haven wondrous fair,
Soft as the blush of dawn,
Where star-dust decks the purple night,
And our true love was born.

It's in the fragrance of your breast,
Your dear lips close to mine,
For there I hold you in my arms,
In ecstasy divine.

While through the spacious vaults above,
An angel chorus sings,
A symphony of perfect peace,
I almost touch their wings!

MY EYES WILL SPEAK

I'll let my eyes speak for my heart,
And this is what they'll say —
Though years may pass and friends depart
And you grow old and gray,
Though fortune smile or fate beguile,
Forever I'll be true;
And, through the years in joy or tears,
I'll give my love to you.

I'll let my eyes speak for my heart
The words my lips don't say,
That I have loved you from the start,
Each hour of every day;
And your dear eyes will read my heart
And, reading, understand,
That all I have is yours, sweetheart,
Yours only — to command.

I'll let my eyes speak for my heart
The thrill that surges through,
Whenever I am in your arms,
Or I am close to you.
The very mention of your name,
Your voice upon the phone,
Will make my eyes say from my heart
That I am yours alone.

LOVELINESS

Lovely as a lily rare,
Shadows dancing on the lawn,
Fleecy clouds kissed by the moon,
Or the dainty tints of dawn.

Lovely as a starlight night,
As the sound of whispering trees,
As the fragrance of a rose:
You are lovelier than these.

I BREATHE YOUR NAME

(A Reverie)

I breathe your name —
And all the world is filled with gladness
And every tree its blossom does unfold.
I breathe your name —
And gentle breezes waft its sweetness through
the vastness,
Like elfin music played on harps of gold.
I breathe your name —
A name, save One, most precious —
For you alone forever wear my ring.
I breathe your name —
And in the holy stillness — tread where the
angels tread
And touch the sacred garments of *The King*.

ONENESS

I loved you long before the darkness brooded
Upon the deep, or earth had come to be.
I'll love you still, when time shall be no longer —
From age to age, through all eternity.

Your presence lives beside me ev'ry moment
To bring me peace and happiness each day,
Like star dust resting gently on rose petals,
Or angel wings that bear my cares away.

And I would wait beyond death's eerie portal
Until one day, you cross that mystic sea.
Should you not come — then I would wait forever;
For only you make heaven complete to me.

So I will wait — if waiting I'm permitted —
To greet my love upon that other shore.
Perhaps I'll come to take your hand and lead you
Through the Unknown — where we shall part no more.

THE GARDEN OF GOD

"Today shalt Thou be with me in paradise."

Luke 23:43.

Death is but the gate to the Garden of God,
Our entering bought with a price.
That glorious Garden, where loved ones have gone,
Christ told us, is called Paradise.

Some day *we* will enter the Garden of God,
We'll pass through the Paradise gate,
To life and to beauty no words can describe,
Where dear ones in happiness wait.

And there, in God's Garden, with them we will live
Till called to His Glory above,
Where, with all His soldiers who "fought a good fight",
Forever we'll dwell in His love.

EASTER GLORY

Black was the night, awesome the day,
Scattered and stunned the chosen few.
Within the sealèd tomb there lay
 Their dearest Lord.

Short days ago, they watched Him ride
In lowly majesty and grace,
While multitudes around Him cried,
 "Blessèd The King!"

Could they forget His awful cry,
His, whom the wind and sea obeyed?
Could they but reason — answer why —
 He chose the cross.

Wondrous the message the angels bring —
Empty the cross — empty the tomb;
Death cannot hold our heavenly King —
 Christ rose to-day.

Glorious the dawn that Easter Day;
Broken the chains of sin and death.
Angels had rolled the stone away.
 Christ had come forth.

So let us then each new born day
Loudly, with perfect faith, proclaim
Christ is our Hope, our Truth, our Way;
 Christ is our Life.

THE MASTER PLAYER

The Master Player strikes the notes
That form the keyboard of the soul;
The melody, the music, *His* —
His humble instrument my role.

What ecstasy it is to know
That He can take this life of mine —
Despite my weakness, show through me
His very Self, His Love divine.

He, Perfect Love, Who made all things —
The universe with glory lit —
Can make of me a symphony
In tune with Him, the Infinite.

— — —

So shall the earth be full of song,
With strains of music wondrous sweet,
If we but give ourselves to Him
And lay our all down at His Feet.

WHO FOLLOWS BEST?

There leads the Christ

Up towards the heights above.

Who follows best?

He with the greatest love;

Not might or wealth,

Except for others spent.

Gifts are not ours —

Talents are only lent.

Not haughty pride

That turns itself away

From others' needs

Will reach Eternal day.

It's those who give

The best that in them lies.

These noble souls

Seek not — yet win the prize.

Are you afraid

To follow where He leads?

He knows the way

And will supply your needs.

Boldly step forth!

Take now His outstretched Hand.

Safely He guides

Up to the Promised Land.

LIFE

A Poem, Melody — A Song

In childhood's happy care-free days,
With loved ones and companions near,
We make throughout each passing hour
A poem, melody — a song.

The years of youth, the world before,
The challenge of life's conquest on,
We face the mystery and we write,
A poem, melody — a song.

When passions dawn and love transcends
And mating time is in the air,
Two souls in rapture live as one —
A poem, melody — a song.

Then footsteps fail. The tempo lags.
The music stops. Our task is done.
The curtain falls. We leave behind
A poem, melody — a song.

THWARTED

Away on a tropical island,
Dwelt a maiden as fair as could be.
She lived all alone, in that romantic zone;
Her only companion was me.

I built her a cottage to live in,
By the side of that tropical sea,
But yet every night, when she put out the light,
The fellow she put out — was me!

We walked and we talked in the evenings
With the stars peeping down from above.
We talked mathematics, rheumatics, aquatics,
But she'd never talk about love!

The subjects that maiden could speak on
Would put lawyers and linguists to shame,
From easels to weasels, and even the measles,
Or anything else you could name.

I thought I had courage to ask her,
If my wife she would promise to be,
But she'd only talk about peanuts or pork
And paid no attention to me.

Then just when I thought I had got her,
Came a boat, with a Spaniard aboard,
The fellow jumped out, and, before I could shout,
He'd kidnapped the girl I adored.

So now I'm alone on that island,
Far away in that tropical sea,
If you're lonely, too, there's but one thing to do —
Just come out and share it with me.

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Gleave, Thomas Boswell
Here's to happiness.
([n.d.])

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